

The Historie of

Prin. What saist thou, *Mistress quickly*? how dow thy hus-
band? I loue him well, he is an honest man.

Hof. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and list to me.

Prin. What saist thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a sleepe here behind the Arres,
and had my pocket pickt, this house is turnde bawdy-house,
they pick pockets.

Prin. What didst thou lose, *Iacke*?

Fal. Wilt thou belecue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of for-
ty pound a peace, and a seale Ring of my grandfather.

Prin. A trifle, some eight penny matter.

Hof. So I told him my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace
say so; and my Lord, he speakes most vilely of you, like a fowle
mouth'd man, as he is, and said, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hof. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a stued Prune; nor
no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for Woman-
hood, Mayd, marian may be the Deputies wife of, the ward to
thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hof. Say, What thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hof. I am nothing to thanke God on, I would thou shouldst
know it, I am an honest mans wife, and setting thy Knight-
hood aside, thou art a knaue to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy woman-hood aside, thou art a beast, to say
other wise.

Hof. Say, What beast, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What Beast? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir John*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? thee's neither fish nor flesh; a man knowes not
where to haue her.

Hof. Thou art an yniust man in saying so; thou, or any man
knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou sayest true *Hofesse*, and hee slaunders thee most
grossely.

Hof. So hee doth you, my Lord, and sayd this other day.

You

Henry the fourth.

You ought him a thousand pound.

Prin. Sirra, doe I owe you a thousand pound?

Fal. A thousand pound *Hal*? a Million: thy loue is worth a
Million: thou owest me thy loue.

Hof. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you *Iacke*, and said hee would
cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardol*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir John*, you sayd so.

Fal. Yea, if he sayd my Ring was Copper.

Prin. I say tis Copper: darst thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou knowest, as thou art but a man, I dare,
but as thou art *Prince*, I feare thee; as I feare the roaring of the
Lyons whelp.

Prin. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himselfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doest
thou thinke He feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay, and I doe, I
pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees?
But sirra, there's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this
bosome of thine; it is all filde vp with Guttes, and Midriffes:
Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket: Why thou
horefon impudent imboist rascall, if there were any thing in thy
pocket, but rauerne reckonings, memorandums of Bawdy hou-
ses, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee
long-winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniu-
ries but these, I am a villaine; and yet you will stand to it, you
will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Doest thou heare *Hal*? thou knowst in the state of inno-
cencie, *Adam* fell: & what should poore *Iacke Falstaffe* do in the
daies of villany? thou seest, I haue more flesh then another man,
& thefore more frailty You confesse then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It appeares so by the story.

Fal. *Hofesse*, I forgiue thee: goe make ready breakfast, loue
thy Husband, looketo thy Seruants, cherish thy Ghestes, thou
shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am
pacified still: nay, I prethee be gone. *Exit Hofesse.*
Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the robbery, lad: how is
that answered?

Prin.